

# Good Morning 561

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Horse-racing was in his blood, betting was his curse, and losing was his fate—but when Dr. William Palmer, poisoner, paid the supreme penalty his indifference shocked the warders, says **STUART MARTIN**

## ON WAY TO SCAFFOLD HE SAID "MORE RAIN"



Busy on the home front. Mother of Sto. Howard Stephens and sister Valerie do a spot of cleaning up.

## This looks like home, Sto. Howard Stephens

FROM somewhere at the rear of 76 Llandaff Road, Canton, Cardiff, came the sounds of dishes being washed. Standing at the door was Mr. Purnell, stepfather to Stoker Howard Stephens.

"Is there anything we would like to tell Howard?" he said in answer to the "Good Morning" staff man. "Come on inside," he added. "My wife will be pleased to see you."

In the back kitchen Mrs. Purnell was washing up the dinner things, aided by her daughter Valerie.

"The first thing is to wish Howard a happy year and speedy return home," Mrs. Purnell said. "Valerie has just been away to the school camp at Porthcawl. While she was there she took part in a play, 'The King's Gift'. She was a princess—it was a competition of four plays, and hers took second place."

"And I have been made captain of the school house," said Valerie, emerging from the kitchen.

So there you are, Stoker Stephens; you have a clever sister!

Your stepfather says he is very busy at the steel works, and is keeping fit. He also tells us that Kenny has got a girl. Her name is Sylvia Penny. He took her to Swansea to see brother Tom. She seems a nice girl.

You will be interested to hear that Tom took part in a Marine Commando raid in Holland, and except for shock,

he came through O.K. He has just spent three weeks' sick leave, and is now quite fit.

Your cousin Betty Williams is also in the news. She is getting married in March to a Flight Lieutenant in the R.A.F. So when you come home,

Howard, it looks as though you will be seeing some new relatives.

Here is a picture of mother and Valerie washing the dishes. It looks like home, doesn't it? They are waiting for the time when you will give them a hand.

## Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

STRANGE, how when you meet a sailor with his shipmates, one never associates him with home life. I seldom do anyway. The fireside and snippers seem to be part of another life.

But when I called at a home in Motherwell, I changed my mind. P.O. Tel. McBeth opened the door to me—he was half in civvies and half in uniform, and I didn't recognise him as the guy I had met at Ambrose a few weeks previously.

Jock gave me a bottled tot and introduced me to his wife and the two "wee uns." That was a happy half hour Mac, with a very happy little family. After three months absence from my own home, I was glad to settle in an armchair for a few minutes.

Thanks for the tot too. Perhaps you will get around to my home one day.

ANOTHER heavy mailbag means more thanks for your letters. Can it be that you actually read "Good Morning"? One would get that impression from the sharp rise in mail. Keep it coming, please.

First letter I opened this morning was from the Staines Welfare Fund for Adopted Crews. Hon. Secretary Filsell writes to say that now a new committee has been elected the town will take a greater interest in H.M. Submarine "Unshaken."

I quote the letter: "I have now made contact with the officer commanding the gallant craft, and have forwarded a supply of cigarettes and tobacco, together with a

parcel of books; supplies of these items will be forwarded at regular intervals. The commander has made a request for playing-cards, gramophone records, electric pick-up for portable gramophone, games, etc. These articles will be forwarded as soon as possible, already some are in my possession.

"Although we have been slow in contacting the submarine our apparent lack of interest was not real, but due to circumstances over which the present committee had no control. Rest assured that now the good work has started, the citizens of Staines will do all possible. . . ."

"It has been suggested that we may, in the near future, entertain the whole crew for a day or two in Staines. Do you think this can be done, please?"

Can this be done? Hope you will count "Good Morning" in when you get there. The "Pack Horse" Hotel provides as pretty a pint as any pub.

I WAS in Ireland when your inquiry arrived. Lieut. P. Bennett, so there was an unavoidable delay, and to make matters worse, I was rather confused when I did get it. I am sorry about this, and do hope things came out well.

We marked with interest your comments. Al Male died a couple of months ago after a short illness. Al was a great guy, a great sport writer, and a sincere friend of all Servicemen. Because he was considered to be the most reverent of us, he was invited to write a semi-religious feature for Sunday numbers. After years

WHEN Dr. Palmer, the poisoner, was in his condemned cell before his execution on May 27th, 1856, the Governor stepped in for a talk. "Tell me, Palmer," said the Governor, "did you poison Cook?"

"I did not poison by strychnine," was the reply. "Don't quibble," retorted the Governor. "Did you poison him at all?"

Palmer looked straight at the Governor. "Lord Campbell," he said slowly, "summed up for death by strychnine. I deny the justice of the sentence. These people are my murderers." Then he went out to his doom.

Eminent doctors differed during that trial on the question.

For the defence, they said that there was not enough strychnine in the victim's body to cause death. For the prosecution, they said there was. And nobody has ever been able to prove it one way or another.

Yet that is not to say that murder was not committed. After reading all the available evidence for both sides, after working it out as best a layman can, after as keen an analysis as I am capable of, I have come to the conclusion that the man for whom Dr. Palmer was hanged was not killed by strychnine. I believe he was killed mainly by anti-mony, with strychnine as an additional agent.

But the jury at that trial were faced with the question: Did Palmer murder Cook by

strychnine? There was no alternative in the prosecution's case.

When the verdict was announced, Palmer wrote hastily on a slip of paper and threw it across to his solicitor. He had scrawled the words, "It is not the horse, but the riding that did it."

He meant in sporting language that the prosecution had a bad mount, but had ridden the course as if they had a good one!

Dr. William Palmer, of Rugeley, Staffordshire, was no novice in the art of poisoning all the same. Neither was he unlearned in other criminal practices.

He was just about thirty years of age when he ended his career on the scaffold, a career which, if directed towards the healing art instead of the destructive one, might have brought him considerable rewards.

The culmination of his life was when he met John Parsons Cook, owner of the racehorse Polestar, which made many wins in 1855 on the turf.

Although Palmer had a fair practice in Rugeley, horse-racing was in his blood, betting was his curse, and losing was his fate. He gave up medical practice to a former assistant, and took to horse-racing for a living. He and Cook went to race meetings together in various parts of the country.

Palmer was often in need of money. His first lapse into crime was to forge the name of

his mother, who had some property.

In order to cover this, he made other forgeries, and when promissory notes were coming due, and he was being pressed, his wife suddenly died by a sickness and convulsions.

He had insured her life for £13,000, and this sum put him right for a while. Did he murder his wife? There were suspicions—later.

With the insurance money he bought two racehorses, and carried on in the life he had chosen. But his luck, both as owner and backer, was never "in" to any great extent. He began to borrow money from Cook.

It was proved, although Cook never knew it, that Palmer forged Cook's name to a cheque.

That would have meant trouble in time; but, by a strange stroke of coincidence, Palmer's brother died—like Palmer's wife, from sickness and convulsions—and again Palmer got a considerable sum from insurance.

The insurance people demurred over this payment, and hints were made at the strangeness of the death. Nothing, however, was proved, and Palmer pocketed the money. It went the way of other sums—down the drain.

He was finally faced with debts on all sides that were enough to make any man desperate. And that was where his friend Cook came into the picture tragically.

Polestar (Cook's horse) was entered for the Shrewsbury Races on November 14th, 1855, and Palmer and Cook travelled to the town together and put up at the same hotel. They were both drinking on the evening of the races, and Cook, seeing Palmer was not taking his usual quantity, pressed him to have more brandy.

"When you have finished your glass!" said Palmer; and Cook drained off what was in his tumbler.

Almost immediately afterwards Cook complained that

(Continued on Page 3)



Family group—P.O. Tel. McBeth at home in Motherwell.

of ice hockey, baseball and speedway it was a trifle strange for him, but he wrote it with deep sincerity.

No. I did not meet Lieut. Coote. I would like to hear his suggestions, though; perhaps you could get him to write some time.

I have passed on your comments about the strips; the artists were interested to the extreme, and thank you. Sorry Nixon won't be at the welcome-home party—he is now in Germany, for the "Daily Herald." I am looking forward to your return—your mascot will, I am sure, make quite a picture.

Yours was one of the nicest letters I have received, Lieut.

Menzies. Thanks a million—and to everyone else, thanks very much for your letters.

THE "London Gazette" announces:—  
For outstanding courage, skill and devotion to duty in successful patrols in one of H.M. submarines.

D.S.O.  
Lieut. Paul Charles Chapman, D.S.C., R.N.

D.S.C.  
Lieut. Ian Robert Menzies, R.N.V.R.

D.S.M.  
Actg. C.P.O. Leonard Bertram Hough;  
Temp. C.E.R.A. Kenneth Charles Crampton Stewart;  
P.O. John William Horsley;  
Temp. S.P.O. Edwin Charles Hawkins;  
Temp. L/S. Reuben Walker; and

A.B. Walter Richard Gilders.  
Mention in Despatches.  
Lieut. Cecil Norman Harwood, R.N.

E.R.A. Frederick Benedict Hitchcock;  
Temp. L/S. Leslie Douglas James Long;  
A.B. Andrew Nicol Sorbie; and  
Telegraphist George William Lees.

Ron Richards

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



# Britain in the New Air Age

SENTENCE of death has already been pronounced on certain cities and towns of the British Isles; not sudden death, but a slow, wasting process of decay to be brought about by the effects of the coming air-age.

Cities are primarily centres of communication. People live there because trade can be done, thanks to converging routes of sea-lines, rivers, railways, roads.

But to-morrow we must add air-lines, and some cities will suit them more than others.

Consider what has already happened in Scotland. Thanks to the sea-age and the Clyde, Glasgow has long been a great city. She is still the great, but they have been building the huge airport of Prestwick, remote in the open countryside to the south where conditions are suitable.

If trade and population are attracted by traffic terminals—and they always have been in the past—then Prestwick may

be the great city of the future, while Glasgow may fall from its present position.

History is littered with the ruins of great, busy towns the decay of which became outmooded.

Think of the little ports in Hampshire, doing a brave trade in the days of wooden ships with shallow draughts, but abandoned entirely by commerce when the steamship arrived.

Think of half-derelect towns which were important in the days of the stage-coach.

## LONDON'S 2,000 YEARS.

Glasgow will not necessarily decline in favour of some similar aggregation round Prestwick, nor will Liverpool with empty docks inevitably yield to Blackpool with a huge, modern airport. Hilly Edinburgh might not be entirely beaten by Aberdeen, which is more convenient for landing-grounds and for air-lines to Scandinavia.



This is because other factors intervene, such as climate, presence of mineral deposits like coal and oil, and the disposition of the inhabitants.

Thus London has successfully survived 2,000 years of changing fashions in communications, and is still the chief traffic centre of the British Isles.

The Thames and proximity to the Continent have been partly responsible, but also we must acknowledge the enterprising character of Londoners throughout the ages, always first to take advantage of any new development.

London, however, may well undergo its greatest test all on account of a stupid, trivial factor like the climate.

Fog will long be the prime enemy of aviation, and London is built on low-lying, marshy

land which must always be productive of fogs.

Our big British centres of communication have grown in relation to sea-routes from other countries. Look at Southampton on the map, a fine, natural haven for vessels entering the Channel from overseas, but within comfortable rail distance of London. Think of how its prosperity has been based on the wealthy Transatlantic traffic.

But what will be the sense in landing at Southampton when you arrive from America or New Zealand by air; and why drop cargo at an intermediary situation of this kind?

On the other hand a Southampton might, by shrewd development of first-class landing and servicing facilities, itself become a new London of the future.

The coming Air Age may transform this Donegal pastoral into a spiked skyline of factory chimneys.

## No. 1—By JULIAN MOUNTAIN

The coming Air era will change our cities, our lives, our country. Cities will be born. Others will die. Let's glimpse the future.

ance with its industries and traffic and a little town like Donegal on the Atlantic coast might take its place.

In the old days great cities arose because they were conveniently situated for men who travelled by sea and land; therefore they were to be found near to havens, on navigable rivers, and in situations where land routes met.

But the requirements of the future will be (1) flat stretches of country or smooth water suitable for airports; (2) a reliable climate with freedom from fogs and floods particularly, also from blustering winds.

So it's quite possible that the population centres of our grandchildren will be situated in entirely new localities. Study the location chosen during this war for the larger military aerodromes and you may have a finger on to-morrow's big urban areas.

Meanwhile a number of the cities and towns that we know so well must inevitably decline, if not entirely perish.

## QUIZ for today

### Answers to Quiz in No. 560

1. A haggis is made of heart, lungs, liver, onions, oatmeal, stomach, suet, kidneys?
2. What Indian poet won the Nobel Prize for literature?
3. Can clergymen become Members of Parliament?
4. Why are British road motor-races held in the Isle of Man or Ireland?
5. When was the office of Prime Minister officially recognised in Britain?

1. Sea-bird.
2. Sir Walter Scott wrote the "Waverley Novels."
3. 1877-1888, during the Russo-Turkish war.
4. English, shown at Newmarket, 1884. No Arab horse was a patch on the English thoroughbreds, who generally won by about 20 lengths.
5. The Holy Grail.
6. Polo is played on horseback; others aren't.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

### COLUMN



RODERICK MORE O'FERRALL, the Irish trainer, who has won more races in Ireland this year than any other trainer, bought a bottle of brandy at a recent Newmarket Sale for 27 guineas.

This bottle was auctioned for charity and was introduced while a £3,000 mare was walking round the ring. A man who had just come on the scene joined briskly in the bidding. At 26 guineas, Mr. Needham, the auctioneer, leaned over and said to the newcomer, "I suppose you know I am selling a bottle of brandy, not the mare?" Whereupon the bidder turned and left hastily, amid a roar of laughter from the crowd.

★

MORE O'FERRALL trains at Kildangan and runs the Kildangan stud as well. He started this most successful stable after leaving Eton and Oxford, and became the principal Irish "raider" on big English races.

He won the Bessborough Stakes at Ascot with Spot Barred, dead-heated for it the following year, and was beaten a short head on the third occasion, all with the same horse.

Another horse, Coup de Roi, was second in the Ascot Stakes and went on to win the Northumberland Plate. Other successes were the taking of the £2,000 Red Rose Stakes at Manchester twice.

★

A SPORTS ground to be available for any association in the country, has been purchased by Southend Police Recreation Club.

They will lay out two football pitches, a Rugby pitch, bowling greens, tennis courts, a championship grass track, and an open-air rifle range. There is also plenty of room for a car park.

The ground is on Eastern Avenue, Prittlewell, Southend's northern border. From the many sports efforts in the war years the club raised £6,000 for the Red Cross.

## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# WANGLING WORDS—500

1. Insert consonants in \*I\*\*U\*\*I\*\* and I\*\*E\*\*E\*\* and get two Scottish counties.
2. Here are two musical instruments whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?  
TESABS — ONONORC
3. If "Bedouin" is the "bed" of Arabs, what is the bed of (a) Dogs, (b) Insensibility?
4. Find the two artificial lights in: I moil and toil, am past caring, and go on doing it or choke in the attempt.

## Answers to Wangling Words No. 499

1. COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH.
2. FIDDLE—TRUMPET.
3. Osprey.
4. Ra-in, S-now.

## JANE

After one or two impromptu shows in the rear....



The Front-Line Follies move on to the forward areas....



And Jane gets her first taste of the 'luxury' of an Ensa tour!



# PALMER, THE COOL POISONER

(Continued from Page 1) the brandy had "burned his throat," and that night he became very ill, sick and vomiting.

Palmer called in a doctor, and Cook was given some medicine which relieved him.

Next day they both journeyed to Rugeley. Cook took rooms in an hotel opposite Palmer's house, and here again he had another attack of sickness just after Palmer had been dining with him.

This time Cook was really ill; Palmer, who was constantly with the sick man, transferred all Cook's winnings at the races to his own pocket.

Palmer got some strychnine from a medical man that evening, and Cook, who was being "attended" by Palmer, became worse than ever. Palmer dosed him with something else, and Cook became easier, but was terribly weak.

Next day Palmer bought some more strychnine from a Rugeley chemist. He also called in two other doctors, explained to them that his friend had been sick for a long time,

and the doctors accepted his views and diagnosis. They prescribed some tonic pills.

That night two pills were given by Palmer to Cook. Again Cook had agonising convulsions. Again Palmer administered some "medicine." But this time Cook was too far gone to recover. He died twenty minutes later.

The relatives of Cook, who were summoned to Rugeley, were surprised at the illness and its sudden termination; but they were more surprised when Palmer presented them with a claim for £4,000 which he held against Cook's estate.

Again there were suspicions. This time a post-mortem examination was made.

He was a bit of a fool, you know, even if he was a clever poisoner, this Palmer. It came out that at the inquest he actually tried to bribe the coroner with a present of game. And he made a clumsy attempt to upset the jar which contained the contents of Cook's stomach and which was to be sent to London for analysis. He also tried to bribe the post-

crime of its kind committed by you is best known to God and your own conscience. . . . You have been brought to this court by special Act of Parliament because of the prejudice which existed against you in the County of Stafford, but for the sake of example, the sentence should be carried out where the crime was committed."

It was for this reason that Palmer was taken, after a warrant was signed, back to the county gaol of Stafford. He went up by the mail train that same night, guarded by a special staff of warders.

Yes, a curious character, this murderous doctor.

When he stepped out of the train at Stafford, he looked around the station and remarked to his guards, "They seem to have had more rain

here than we have had in London."

The warders were so struck by the casualness of the statement that nobody replied.

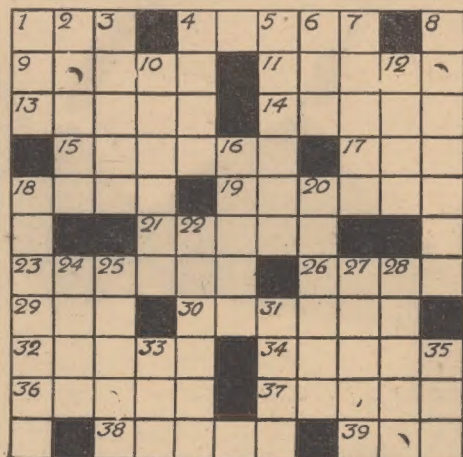
Anyway, it didn't make much difference to Palmer, who shortly afterwards ceased to take any interest in terrestrial weather. The hangman saw to that.

The inhabitants of Rugeley, by the way, were so upset at the unenviable notoriety their little town had achieved because of the crime that a petition was sent to Lord Palmerston, asking for his aid to change the name of the town.

He was quite willing. "Yes," he replied, "why not call it Palmerstown?"

The double-barrelled pun had few supporters.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

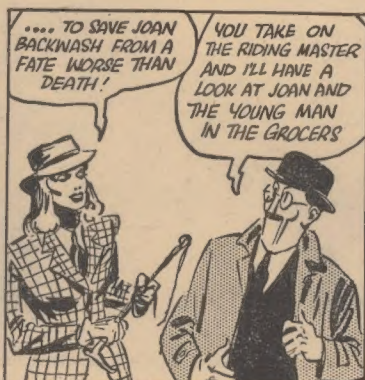
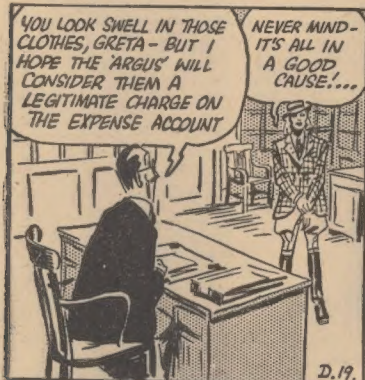
- 1 Animal.
- 4 Extensive.
- 9 Near.
- 11 Meat.
- 13 Sh'n-bone.
- 14 Wind instrument.
- 15 Order.
- 17 Hint.
- 18 Sharp pull.
- 19 Zealous.
- 21 Noosed rope.
- 23 Syllabus.
- 26 Soft pulp.
- 29 Kick.
- 30 Supply.
- 32 Angry.
- 34 Goes by car.
- 36 Tree.
- 37 Accustom.
- 38 Walks.
- 39 Girl's name.

DEALER GAFF  
URGE OCULAR  
FROSTY SLUE  
FAGS ATTUNE  
T OILY O L  
BARNES NEEDY  
R E I B X E  
ELAPSE CALF  
WISE GLIDER  
EVOLVE SATE  
RENT TEEMED

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Behave.
- 2 Glass picture.
- 3 Quiet.
- 4 Heavy beast.
- 5 Bids.
- 6 Quite.
- 7 Tennis equality.
- 8 Indian leopard.
- 10 Cutting implement.
- 12 Knock out.
- 17 Supporting frame.
- 18 Fairness.
- 20 Realm.
- 22 Electrical unit.
- 24 Hard centre.
- 25 Side of coin.
- 27 Excessive.
- 28 Severe.
- 31 Flag.
- 33 Do knotted work.
- 35 Wet expanse.

## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## FROM OUR POST BAG

"HAVING read the feature, 'Where the Pavements End,' I must write and tell you that it is the greatest wish of one reader, at least, that at the precise spot where this occurs a particularly deep, evil-smelling and muddy dock should begin."

"WHILE at sea I saw copies of 'Good Morning' regularly. There was always a brand-new copy in the mess every morning. This went on every day, including Sundays. Now I have been posted to a shore station, and like it much better."



"The Sultan presents his compliments and says 'Will you shove up a bit!'"

First Typist: "If the boss doesn't take back all he said, I'm going to leave."

Second Typist: "What did he say?"

First Typist: "He told me to take a week's notice."



# Good Morning

"On behalf of the Visiting Firemen, let's have a smile on Chili Williams. And on behalf of the visiting submariners, let's have a vote of thanks to RKO Radio."



## VICAR'S BABY DAUGHTER AS MODEL.

When the Rev. Peter Baron, Priest-in-charge of Woolmer Green, asked Mr. MacDonald, a local wood carver, to make a crib for a Nativity tableau for the Mission Church, the artist chose the vicar's baby daughter as his model.



**THIS ENGLAND.** Mention High Wycombe to most people, and the only thing they will know about the place is that it's a centre of the furniture making industry. Mention High Wycombe to anybody who lives in the lovely Chiltern Hills, and they will know it as a fine old county town with many a warm and welcoming hostelry.



Christmas may come and go, but these geese continue to grow fat! You see, they are prize stock birds, raised in Norfolk and sent to this clearing house to be packed and distributed to farms all over the country, where they are mated with prize ganders. There's a good time coming, gobblers!

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Prize cat would like to meet prize tom."

